

I Am the Chaos by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Who the fuck is you?

Yeah, Pistolero Pazienza

Know what I mean

Who the fuck is you?

Yeah, I'm headhunting

We walk this dog, let 'em breathe

Who the fuck is you?

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I set this motherfucker off like I'm a Bolshevik

I hold the toaster grip, reduce the choir to a soloist

Unload the clip and leave a hole in shit the size of a boulder is

Patrol the vulture pit, I'm leaving Marx in 'em like socialists

It is the moment that you realize you're just not a vocalist

The coldest [ocean grip] is as close to it as [cold] Milošević

A male chauvinist, you can cross it off of your grocery list

You're holding swollen ribs, I'm beholding the olden coke

And the dope is odorless, getting hold of it kinda onerous

We all felonious, I got dogs, and homie they Dobermans

We noblemen, it's oxygen, hemoglobin in arteries

So close your lips, Akhi, the shotty will leave you frozen stiff

I blow the fifth, homie, the hole the size of a poker chip

The yopper ownership, just another level of showmanship

I have the show up in me, you jokers getting the bulk of it

And hit his lower limbs, now it's closure homie, it's over with

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Fuck out my way, papa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Pistolero Pazzo, so every chopper reliable

The brujeria banger, the murders is justifiable

It's headshots, homie, the body identifiable

The body parts intact but the face is unrecognizable

The weaponry is sizable, all of it modifiable

The doctor told my mother her child is certifiable

This Gucci lamb leather is terra, homie it's dye-able

Serial number off, money, they ain't classifiable

It's way too cold and the temperature ain't survivable

These hollow points, homie, the horror is indescribable

They think that I'm maniacal, mercenaries is glamorous

The Desert Eagle ain't even deadly, homie, it's cancerous

The rhyme annihilation, obliteration calamitous

I took a vote to see if you pussy, it was unanimous

A motherfucking son of an emperor, I'm Britannicus

The temple of a riot, the mind of a psychoanalyst

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Fuck out my way papa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Outro]

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

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